Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.
Iag. Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?
Rod. What say you?
Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?
Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.
Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true—
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othelloe's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cyprus, *With two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
Descry a saile. *Mon.*

the Moore

Mont. Methinks the win
A fuller blast ne'er shook
If it hath ruffian'd so upo
What ribs of oak, when the
Can hold the Morties? w
2. Gent. A segregation
For do but stand upon
The chiding billows seem
The wind-shak'd surge,
Seems to cast water o
And quench the guards
I never did like molestat
On the enchafed flood
Mont. If that the Turk
Be not ensheltered and
It is impossible to bear

Scene II.

3. Gent. News, lords, o
The desperate tempest
That their desguement
Hath seen a grievous w
On most part of the fleet
Mont. How! is this t
3. Gent. The ship is he
A Veronesso, Michael Cass
Lieutenant of the warlike
Is come on shore; the M
And is in full commission
Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis
3. Gent. But this same Cas
Touching the Turkish lo
And prays the Moor be
With foul and violent tem
Mont. Pray heav'ns he
For I have serv'd him, a
Like a full soldier. Let's
As well to see the vessel
As to throw out our eyes
Even till we make the main
An indistinct regard.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k